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Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay,—
 Stay for the good old year,
 So long companion of our way,
 Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
 Even while we sing he smiles his last,
 And leaves our sphere behind.
 The good old year is with the past:
 Oh, be the new as kind!

—Bryant.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

The title of the late Charles Reade's exciting story has served as a text for many honorable and effective pleas. It is an appeal which has an application to the recent relations of the United States with the little neighbor that sees the sun set in the South Pacific ocean. (May the name Pacific become more and more apposite.) To clarify the judgments of men, we would say to all, especially those who lightly talk of war with Chili: Put yourself in the place of

1. The families of the murdered men of the "Baltimore." In the depth of their great sorrow, we doubt if the highest tide of their strong feeling is allowed to swell beyond the Christian mark into advocacy of bloody vengeance on the murderers and their miscellaneous countrymen whom war would strike down. Would the mourning widow of the brave American seaman say to her Chilian sister: "I wish you and many other Chilian women were widows too, for that would help me bear my sorrow"? We do not believe it. They would say—nay, all right-minded men have anticipated them in saying—let Chili do her utmost to show her sorrow for the bloodshed. She can make every effort to apprehend the murderers. She can partly atone by paying some generous sum of money to our Government for these new widows and orphans of ours. As much as this it is practically certain that Chili will do—little enough, to be sure—and doubtless she will do more.

2. The women in our country destined beyond question to be bereaved by war whenever it shall come. Who cannot, in imagination, hear their slaughtered husbands' blood crying from the ground? If these unconscious hearts could speak they would cry: "God save us from war at any honorable cost."

3. The President of Chili. His country has just been racked with the horrors of civil war. Doubtless the air about him is full of bitterness and hate, which survive as one sequel of war long after arms are laid down. Therefore we ought to be patient—thank God our Christian President and Cabinet have been—with the slow administration of disordered law in the little and lacerated republic.

"Put yourself in his place." This maxim applied often saves men's judgments from being overwhelmed by gusts of excitement, and ballasts them for steady progress with an even keel.

G. W. S.

—Elsewhere in this issue, reference is made to the narrow margin by which war is sometimes escaped—no one knows just how narrow. There is a thrill in the thought of all the wars that are *almost* declared and waged, the crimes *almost* committed, the evils *almost* realized. Of these there is of course no record, but they furnish a solid ground for thankfulness.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY.

A judicial mind in every man, weighing coolly what war must mean. This can be cultivated.

A healthy Christian sentiment about war. Not extreme, saying no matter if our citizens are murdered thousands of miles away; nor saying on the other hand, we will exact ten lives of Chilians for every American who was killed in the Valparaiso riot.

Less froth in certain newspapers. The possibilities of a war form a topic so interesting to all, that some correspondents, and here and there an editor, work the topic to death. Were Yankees as hot-blooded as Chilians, we should perhaps be more deeply stirred by the spectacle of these periodicals frothing at the mouth and crying for blood.

A MODERN MODE OF WARFARE.

We note in the Boston *Transcript* a novel substitute for war, claimed to be equally good with the old-fashioned warfare of our fathers: Let each nation convey all the money in its national treasury to some suitable open place, and under each great accumulation put a mighty charge of dynamite. Let a joint commission draw lots, after they have retired to a safe distance. The nation which draws the longer straw shall press a button, and blow the other's millions to the winds. The other shall then follow suit. The Power whose treasure shall have been blown highest or farthest shall be victor. This method, its inventor claims, retains the elements of danger; Titanic noise; and vast destruction of wealth; and the one feature which sometimes is regarded a drawback to war, namely, waste of human life, is avoided. The "Listener" continues: "Why is not that really a more sensible method of warfare than the one commonly adopted at this age of the world? What element of it is there that is, in perfect honesty, more ridiculous than modern war as we have seen it in the great contests of the present century? Why would it not just as completely satisfy the 'honor' of either nation as the 'honor,' for instance, of Germany was satisfied with the war of 1870? There is no absurdity that could be more vastly, brutally stupid, more continentally asinine, than an actual war between the United States and Chili would be."

—Happy America! with its army and navy actually so little, but potentially so vast. Little do most of us know of the burdens that oppress the people of many less favored lands. Contrast those countries where all the able-bodied young men are required to devote themselves to years of military service, while millions of their countrymen and women have to toil long and hard to support them in idleness, and buy their costly weapons. How long, O Lord, before the princes of the earth shall see that righteousness and peace not only are right, but *pay*? Meantime the young Germans and other European youth are being driven by thousands to happy America. Please God, we will keep her free from war and war's alarms.

—How long since you read the marvellous poem, Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield"? Try reading it over thoughtfully to-day or next Sunday, and see if its beauty does not grow upon you.